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THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

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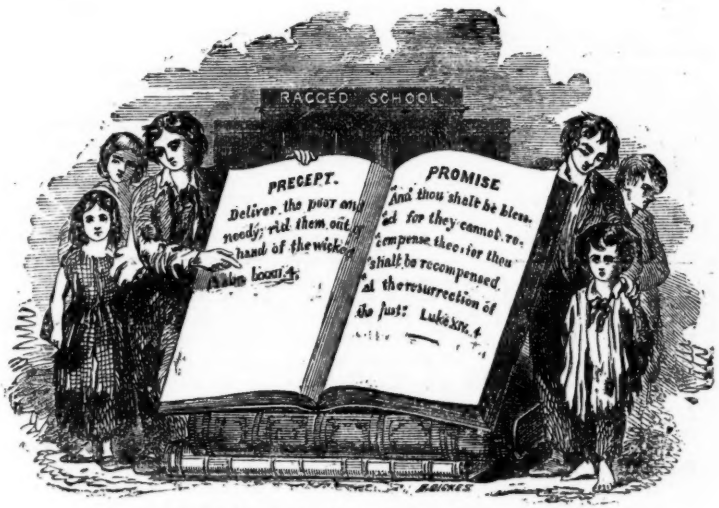
RAGGED SCHOOL
PRECEPT.
Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of the hand of the wicked.
Psalm lxxxii. 4.
PROMISE
And thou shalt be blessed for they cannot recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Luke xiv. 4
B. BICKES

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

LONDON:
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JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER, EDINBURGH; ROBERTSON, DUBLIN; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

* * All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
* Orders for Advertisements to be sent to Robert K. Burt, Printer, Holborn Hill.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The thanks of the Committee are presented to E. A., for bibles, testaments, tracts, &c.; Miss ———, for a box of dolls, for sale at Bazaars; Miss Martin, for a quantity of left off wearing apparel; and to Mrs. Reade for a parcel of shirts and a bible.

Parcels of Left-off Wearing Apparel, for distribution to the Children, and for our Industrial Classes, also Books or Magazines for forming School Libraries, will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

Parcels of waste paper, old magazines, reports, &c., &c., can be made good use of for the benefit of the Society, and will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall.

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OUR CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE.

The October Number of this valuable Magazine contains—Jews and Samaritans (with illustration)—The Uncertainty of Life—The Butterfly's Visit to the Infant School (with illustration)—Poetry, with Music—Dick Piper, or the Easy Road to Ruin (with illustration)—Rules for Window-plants—Emblems of Christ, No. VIII., the Rainbow.

Cover: Remember thy Creator, Poetry—Solomon's Songs—Mine, Poetry.

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ORIENTAL LIFE.

The Committee of the Ragged School Union have the pleasure to announce that Mr. JOHN GADSBY has kindly volunteered to give his popular

Illustrations of Biblical & Oriental Life

At various places during the ensuing Season, on behalf of Ragged Schools. Mr. G.'s services will be entirely gratuitous.

Application for the Lectures to be given, to be made to Mr. J. G. GENT, Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall.

Arrangements are being made for these Lectures to be given in the First Week of November, in the Hall of the Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey, in aid of the Golden Lane Ragged Schools (Hatfield Street). These Schools are greatly in need of help just now, as debts amounting to £180 have to be paid forthwith.

In the Third Week in November they will be given on behalf of the Nelson Street and other Ragged Schools in the South of London, at the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane's Chapel, Clapham.

Further particulars and more definite information will be given in our next number.

Just published, price 1s.

AN ALBUM PORTRAIT of HENRY EDMUND GURNEY, ESQ., of Nutfield, Surrey, with Autograph, taken August, 1865, at Mr. CRELLIN'S Photographic Studio, 162, Regent Street, W.

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The Committee are now compelled to Appeal for Funds, to carry on this great and good work. "Help is much needed."—PSALM xli. 1—3.

Donations thankfully received either by Mr. J. G. GENT, Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall; or W. H. HATCHARD, *Hon. Sec.*

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Subscriptions and Donations to assist them in doing this will be thankfully received by Mr. J. G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, or by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. T. E. WAY, 29, Wigmore Street, W.

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SUBJECT: "THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

The Chair will be taken by the Rev. J. A. SPURGEON, at Half-past Seven o'clock.

Tickets, 3d., 6d., and 1s. each, to be obtained of Mr. W. J. BROWN, 7a, New Cavendish Street, W.; Mr. TERRY, 6, Hatton Garden, E.C.; and at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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J. E. E. tenders his sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto favoured him with their kind patronage, and hopes by strict attention to ensure a continuance of the same; he also begs most respectfully to solicit the favour of their recommendation.

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References are kindly permitted to be made to the Secretaries of the Ragged School Union and the Temperance League.

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PRESIDENT, REV. CANON DALE.

Not unfrequently young women, reclaimed through the instrumentality of this Institution, are lost sight of for years, not so much from a want of gratitude to those who may have had the care of them, as a very proper sense of shame which naturally shrinks from the former painful associations of a Reformatory. The following is one instance out of very many which might be quoted. S. M. and R. M.,* mentioned in the following letter, were inmates as far back as 1858.

"To Mr. Thomas. "New Zealand, May, 1865.

"Not having received an answer to my last letter, sent while living with R. M., and seeing from a London *Times* that you are still in the same place, I again venture to send a few lines, earnestly hoping that you will answer this. I left Melbourne for D—— about fourteen months ago, with a family with whom I had lived for more than a year, and assisting in the nursery. I have much work to do, and my wages is £24 per year. I like this climate better than Victoria; here we escape the heat and many other annoyances. It is a most beautiful country. From all my relations in S—— I receive letters monthly, which is a source of much comfort to me, and, I feel, enables me in a great measure to keep me in the right path. Since coming to the colonies I have suffered much (not brought on by myself), and been subject to many temptations. I am thankful to say that I have had strength given to me to withstand all. Oh, Mr. Thomas, I wish I had never left your good Home. While there I was beginning to have a great yearning to become a true Christian. I have a most painful feeling—I cannot describe it. Since I left it has all gone. I often think, if I had only one hour in listening to your good advice and hopeful words, it would return. I may be wrong. When you have a spare hour will you write me a letter. I trust Mrs. Thomas and Miss F., &c., are all well. I have my father to support, so that nearly all my savings go. If I should be spared to return to England, I think my steps would be directed to your door. Please do write.

"I remain, yours respectfully, S. M.

"*R. M. is married and living in the neighbourhood of Melbourne."

Contributions in Post-office Orders, Cheques, &c., will be thankfully received by
Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.
FRANCIS NICHOLLS, Esq. (of the Committee), 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.
Mr. E. W. THOMAS, Secretary, 200, Euston Road, N.W.

NICHOL STREET

Ragged Schools, Missions, and Working Men's Club,

BETHNAL GREEN.

These schools, established in 1843, are situated in one of the most destitute districts of London. Commencing with one room, the work steadily grew, until the one became sixteen; but then dilapidations became so serious, that in very self-defence they had to be given up. Freehold land close by, amply sufficient, was fortunately obtained by the Committee, at a cost of £850, and a portion of the land was covered with plain school buildings, which were opened free of debt. But from the dense population of the district, and the number of the children (about 1,200) crowding into the schools, still further accommodation is absolutely necessary.

But by these efforts, and by raising about £300 a year for the support of the School and Mission, the Committee and friends of the school, who mostly live three miles distant from the scene of their work, and have no special connection with the neighbourhood, have done what they can, and are now compelled to appeal to others for the assistance necessary to complete their plans by covering the vacant piece of land in their possession.

In this the Committee have the cordial approval and assistance of Lord Shaftesbury and the Rector of Bethnal Green.

One thousand pounds is still wanted, and towards this donations will be thankfully received by Mr. GENT, Secretary Ragged School Union; or by

HENRY SPICER, Jun.,
68, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

Papers, Original and Selected.

NIGHTLY HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS.

"THE poor shall never cease out of the land," was the statement made by Moses, and a greater than Moses has left it on record that, "Ye have the poor always with you." The poor are a rich legacy for every country. Were it not for the presence of the *comparative* poor, the whole body politic would suffer from the want of those who so usefully fill the lower walks of life; and were it not for the presence of the *positive* poor among us, there would be little or no scope for that beneficence that is twice blessed—for by it both the donor and the receiver are the better for its exercise. There is, however, a class that is lower than that we call the positive poor. We refer to the destitute, pure and simple—the homeless, the friendless, the penniless, and the breadless. For these something had been required, and for whom that something was partly supplied by our Night Refuges, such as that at Field Lane, which may be taken as a specimen of a few more that were in existence in different parts of the metropolis, where house-room and a rug were supplied for the night, with a small loaf before going to sleep, and another before going in search of something to do in the morning. Good as were these efforts, they were not enough, and it was needful for Parliament to do something more. They did it at first on the footing of a six months' experiment, which began on the 29th of September, 1864, and ended on Lady Day, 1865; but in the last session the subject was again discussed, and what had been an experiment was made permanent, and its operations to begin in this present month of October. Gradually, and in a tentative and half frightened way, we have been advancing to the removal of the great social and public scandal of mendicancy, and at length, it may be hoped, we have nearly completed our progress by taking the step which has been long seen to be inevitable, but which we have shrunk from with an unaccountable timidity. In the first place Mr. Villiers secured the adoption of a clause which, it is hoped, will effectually relieve our streets of the mendicants who have so long disgraced them. By this clause the police will have power to remove every vagrant, except those who have committed punishable offences, to

the wards or refuges which, under the Act of the former session, were provided by the various metropolitan parishes and unions. Armed with this power, if the police do their duty, they will absolutely put an end to all street begging. No sooner will a person show himself in the streets in real or affected destitution than he will be taken in charge by a policeman, either as an offender to the station-house, or to the workhouse if requiring relief.

All those miserable-looking creatures, therefore, who make a trade of shivering at the bleakest corners of the streets, and shock the hearts and shake the wise resolutions of passers-by, will disappear; many, perhaps, will go to prison, the rest to a casual ward. The blind will be conducted, the epileptic will, if necessary, be carried, the lame will be assisted, the simple and ignorant directed to a place of sufficient shelter and relief. Not only will relief be provided sufficient for those who ask for it, but all who need it will be taken to the place where it is provided.

As such a result will be among the most conspicuous and important of the social reforms of last session, so it will be among the most just and necessary. We regard it, indeed, as a mere act of justice to the public. Every householder in the metropolis pays poor rates, which are often extravagantly heavy, for the express purpose of relieving the destitute poor. He has a right, therefore, to expect that this necessary duty shall be performed, and he has just ground to complain if whenever he goes out of his house he is practically appealed to for a sort of supplementary and irregular rate. It is not as if he could restrict his contributions to the poor rate, or had any option as to his share in the public charity. There are certain proper officers entrusted with the relief of the poor, who are empowered by law to extract from him any amount of money they may think it necessary to demand. He is absolutely at their mercy, and must pay them whatever they want. It is, then, too bad that he cannot walk a street's length without finding the work undone for which he has paid all that was demanded. Before the Metropolitan Houseless Poor Act of last session was passed, there was notoriously no adequate provision for the casual poor. The guardians had power, indeed, to relieve them, but practically they did not; and if a man passed a poor creature shivering on a doorstep at twelve o'clock at night, he could not be sure that he had done what was necessary to prevent such a spectacle, for his parish had, too probably, made no provision for these cases. Now, however, any such dereliction of duty is no

longer possible. By the Act of the former session all excuse for not providing for these casual poor was taken away from the parishes, and a special charge was made by the Metropolitan Board for defraying the necessary expense. This will be still more efficiently secured by the Act of last session. It will, then, be simply unjust and unreasonable that every street should proclaim that the work thus paid for is not done at all. If there were no Poor Law and no legal means provided for relieving the destitute, a man would give his alms to the beggars as a regular tax in discharge of a humane obligation; but when there is such a law, and officers expressly provided for the discharge of this obligation on the part of the whole community, individuals ought to be protected against further demands. It is much as though, after paying the Metropolitan Board to carry away our sewage, we found ourselves compelled to perform the most disagreeable part of that duty at our own expense. The money, the shelter, and the food necessary for the casual poor, are provided for them, and they must not be allowed, while professing hunger and destitution, to reject them, that they may extort the means of indulgence from the sympathies of the benevolent.

When we go on to ask who are to take the casual poor to the relief provided for them, we remember that we have a large body of men exactly organized for the purpose, who are constantly patrolling the streets, and must therefore be familiar with all these mendicant and destitute wanderers. It is, moreover, obvious on other grounds that this is just a matter for police interference. One of the principal duties of the police is to keep the streets unobstructed, and to protect passengers from annoyance. They take upon themselves to assert a power for this purpose so despotic as occasionally to provoke remonstrance, and it is but reasonable that they should remove the most painful and unpleasant of all the sights which meet the unwilling eyes of passengers. Only provide a place to which these unhappy objects may be taken, and the police will but discharge one of their first duties in removing them. This would be the case even though the persons we speak of were genuine sufferers, requiring relief. The relief is ready for them, and it would be the proper business of the police to take them or direct them where to get it. But it is notorious that many of these miserable objects are not destitute at all, but the most gross and degraded of cheats and impostors. There is, in short, nothing casual or poor about many of these creatures, and it is as much the

business of the police to take them up as if they were thieves or pickpockets. To the public, however, they appear only as part of the suffering class of poor, and the public of itself could never distinguish between the two. The interference of the police, therefore, is essential, whatever may be the nature of a street beggar. If he be a genuine sufferer, he ought to be taken where he may receive the relief which the public have provided for him; if he be an impostor, he ought to be taken where he will be recognised and punished. Such an office will, there is every reason to believe, add very little to the trouble of the police, for the genuine destitute poor form, astonishing as it may seem, but a small proportion of the street vagrants, and when the professionals find that they can only appear in public to be taken off at once to the workhouse or the station-house, they will soon cease to give the police that trouble.

As the measure now in operation is to be permanent, we record its six short, but, we hope, its effective sections, in our pages, for the use of our friends and teachers.

"Whereas it is expedient that the Provisions of 'The Metropolitan Houseless Poor Act, 1864,' should be made perpetual: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

"1. That the Provisions of the said Act shall be extended to the Expenditure for Relief of destitute Warfarers, Wanderers, and Foundlings, or other destitute Persons, in the several Unions and Parishes referred to in the said Act, relieved and to be relieved from and after *Lady Day* One thousand eight hundred and sixty-five; and the Sixth Section of the said Act is hereby repealed.

"2. The Poor Law Board shall from Time to Time cause the Wards and other Places of Reception provided according to the said Act to be inspected not less than once in every Four Months between the Hours of Six o'Clock in the Evening and Eight in the Morning in the Months between *October* and *March* inclusive, and between the Hours of Eight o'Clock in the Evening and Eight in the Morning in the Months between *April* and *September* inclusive; and the Results of such Inspections shall be reported to the Poor Law Board, who may at any Time revoke and renew the Certificates granted under the First Section of that Act.

"3. The said Board may allow for the Costs and Expenses referred to in the Fourth Section of that Act, when they shall see fit to do so, a Sum or several Sums in gross instead of a Sum in respect of each Pauper as therein provided.

"4. Any Constable of the Metropolitan Police or of the Police of the City of *London* may personally conduct any destitute Warfarer, Wanderer, or Foundling, or other destitute Person, not having committed or being charged with any Offence punishable by Law, within the Knowledge of such Constable, to any Wards or other Places of Reception approved of by the Poor Law Board under the said Act or this Act; and every such Warfarer, Wanderer, or Foundling shall, if there be Room in such Wards or other Places of Reception, be temporarily relieved therein.

"5. The Wards or Places of Reception provided under the said Act shall be open for the Admission of destitute Warfarers, Wanderers, and Foundlings, or other des-

titute Persons, who shall apply to be admitted during the Hours between Six o'Clock in the Evening and Eight in the Morning in the Months between *October* and *March* inclusive, and during the Hours between Eight o'Clock in the Evening and Eight in the Morning in the Months between *April* and *September* inclusive, and the Guardians shall be entitled to be reimbursed for all Relief administered in conformity with the Provisions of that Act during those Hours respectively.

"6. This Act may be cited for all Purposes as 'The Metropolitan Houseless Poor Act, 1865.'"

REUNION OF TEACHERS.

An interesting social meeting was held on the 31st of August in the Ogle Mews School-room. With the view of promoting that union in feeling and concert in action which is so desirable in labourers in the same great movement, the superintendent of Fitzroy Market and Ogle Mews conjointly invited their co-workers in Gray's Yard, Ogle Mews, and Fitzroy Market Ragged Schools to spend an evening in social intercourse and practical converse. Although no set subject was appointed for conversation, the most prominent subject referred to the stumbling-blocks placed in the way of our juvenile inquirers, either by inadequate representations of the Fatherhood of God as evidenced by his gift of his Son, or by our low views of the operations of the Holy Ghost as the sole giver of spiritual life. Mr. Gee presided; Mr. E. J. Hytche, Rev. R. Tuck, Mr. Molineux, Mr. Ashmead, and Mr. Pitts took part in the proceedings.

United Teachers' Prayer Meetings have been repeatedly held at Hinde's Mews, Smith's Place, and other Ragged Schools, with great benefit both to the work and the workers. For every attendant felt how sweet is the united prayer and praise of those who are engaged in the same great work of evangelizing the heathen of this great city though in different parts of the same great vineyard. Nor can we doubt that, if such United Prayer Meetings were the rule and not the exception, that our schools would receive a deeper baptism of the Holy Ghost than they have ever experienced. For, as the promise of success is not attached to labour, however strenuous, but to prayer—*ask*, and ye shall receive—it is possible that greater spiritual results have not been vouchsafed simply because prayer, the sign of dependence and of faith, has not been proportionate to our work. Nehemiah's men well learnt the secret that if we are to overcome those who would prevent our building up ruined souls, whilst we work and watch, we must also "make our prayer unto our God" (Neh. iv. 8). Thus working and praying together, and basing our hopes more on the latter than on the former, the wall will assuredly be built, and that in so masterly a manner as to bear the shock of every foe.

Glad then are we to record that United Teachers' Prayer Meetings are a fact as well as a theory; we are equally glad to report a step in advance, namely, that of inviting fellow-workers in adjacent Ragged Schools to meet for social intercourse and for conversation on the special needs of their district. Such meetings, indeed, would do for any given district what is now effected for the whole movement by the annual meeting of the Central

Society: for not only does the anniversary of the Ragged School Union indicate what has been achieved during the prior twelvemonth, but it also shows what still remains to be done before our task can be regarded as completed. And what a stimulus is given to the whole work by the facts and figures, the shade and the sunshine, then presented to the aggregated teachers of this great city. But were United Teachers' Meetings—such as that recently convened at Ogle Mews—occasionally held throughout the length and breadth of London, they would serve to give a higher tone to our special work. We are all too apt so to be engrossed by our own labours as to forget that others are equally needful in their specific sphere, and perhaps that they are more honoured by the Head of the Church in spiritual fruitage than ourselves. When the soul becomes narrowed and isolated it is not the least evil that our work becomes only a personal "hobby," instead of our uppermost thought being this—so that outcasts are saved we care not who are used as the instruments by the Holy One. Well, then, might Paul rebuke those who "measured themselves by themselves, and compared themselves among themselves" (2 Cor. x. 12), instead of by Biblical rules. But when, on the contrary, we take a broad catholic view of the work of our brethren, we speedily learn that we are but as a drop of water in comparison with the great wave of social progress. By this course, too, we merely obey an injunction of the Holy One, which is as binding as any of the ten commandments, "Look not every one on his own things [schools], but also on things [schools] of others" (Phil. ii. 4).

Nor is this the only benefit which would arise from United Social Teachers' Meetings. For by this plan the experience of one Ragged School would be carried into those in the same district, so that teachers would be often saved from the weariness and waste of energy so often caused by attempting schemes which experience showed could not be accomplished. Whilst, at the same time, novel machinery which had succeeded in our Ragged School would be discussed, and, as a result, would probably be introduced into the adjacent schools. Nor is this knowledge of what is doing by kindred institutions of slight consequence. The majority of hard workers are necessarily so occupied with their own institution that they usually know little of what is being accomplished elsewhere. But in social conference novel plans employed in other Ragged Schools would crop out, and teachers would learn what was required to complete their own machinery. Thus would the spiritual exigencies of any given district be fully met, and social soil now barren soon echo to the reaper's harvest home.

But even if no other practical benefit accrued from such United Meetings, the photograph of the Psalmist would be realized, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Probably the non-sectarian character of Ragged Schools—men working for Christ, and not for their respective communions—has been one reason why such rich results have been vouchsafed. And the more teachers meet together and compare their failures and their successes, the more likely is it that they will feel sympathy for each other and an interest in the general work, and so give the right hand of fellowship to all who, through love to the same Master, are seeking to save those who are Pariahs by birth, or, what is still worse, Pariahs through sin.

JOSEPH THE ROMANIST.

THE EFFECTS OF RAGGED SCHOOL TEACHING.

THE clergyman noticed, amongst the most regular and early arrivals at his Ragged Church Service, a boy. He had many boys—dirty, uncouth urchins; but this one stood out prominently from the rest, no less for his clean, tidy appearance, than his earnest, attentive manner. Sunday after Sunday he occupied the same seat in the corner of a front bench, appearing to drink in greedily each word that fell from the preacher's lips. The clergyman wished much to speak to him; but as he always left the room early, no chance offered. He did, however, inquire among a few of the old people, whose custom it was to loiter round the door until the minister departed, if they knew anything of the boy. All that he could learn was, that his name was Joseph ——, and he was the son of a widow. The place of his residence was unknown, as he had recently removed from the street where the informant had known him. A message was left with the man who kept the door that the boy should stay behind on the ensuing Sunday. When it came the seat was vacant, and many weeks passed without the clergyman being able to hear anything of his boy-hearer. At length, one Sunday night, the seat was again occupied by Joseph ——. One of his arms was bandaged in linen, and supported by a sling; while his usually pale but singularly beautiful face was a shade paler, and bore traces of recent pain and suffering. The man at the door kept him after the service until the minister unrobed and came to speak with him. He had judged the lad to be about eleven years of age, and was much surprised to learn he was fourteen. He appeared timid, and it was with some difficulty the clergyman drew from him that his mother was a Romanist, and much against him attending the service; that he worked at a distant cotton-mill, and, while helping to clean the machinery, his hand had been caught in it, two fingers torn off, and his arm dreadfully lacerated.

The clergyman spoke kindly to the lad, and, asking his address, spoke of his intention of calling to see him during the week. The look of terror this called up was painful to behold. "Please, sir, don't. Please, sir, don't," he said, "mother would be so angry. Mr. H——, the Scripture-reader of H—— Church, will tell you, sir, how angry she would be."

The clergyman let the boy go, and at his earliest opportunity sought Mr. H——, from whom he learned the following touching story:—

The mother of Joseph —— was a low, vicious woman, and a bigoted Romanist. She had sent her boy for some years past to a night-school, kept by a well-known Irishman, named "Daddy Flynn," who was much patronized by the priest for his devotion to the Church of Rome. Here the boy, as well as learning to read and write, was kept up in all the fasts and festivals, lives of saints, and new miracles of the day. These could not satisfy a craving the lad had long felt, a restless seeking after some peace of mind he did not possess; and one night, instead of going to Daddy Flynn's, he entered the —— Street Ragged School. For the first time he heard the

word of God read, and felt *there* was something to fill up the void in his heart.

He dared not tell his mother of his truant action, but the next and the next night found him again at the Ragged School, instead of Daddy Flynn's smoky little room. So hopeful a scholar as Joseph was soon missed by the old Irishman, and an inquiry was sent to Mrs. —— as to the cause of his absence. Then there was no more home peace for poor Joseph. He was expostulated with, and when that failed to extort from him a promise never again to attend the Ragged School, at the suggestion of the priest he was beaten, brutally beaten, until his back was a mass of bruises and laceration.

Still the child persevered in his week-day attendance at the school, and commenced to go on the Sunday to the Ragged Church. Light seemed to break into his mind at once, and the outward ill-treatment he received seemed fully compensated by the inward peace.

The mother continued her unnatural conduct, encouraged by the priest's remark that she had better kill his body than that his soul should be lost.

A neighbour who regularly witnessed this treatment informed the Scripture-reader that after one of those inhuman beatings the lad lay bleeding and helpless on the floor, while his mother stood over him, exhausted by her own exertions in behalf of her Church. Raising his large dark eyes to her he said calmly but meekly, "Mother, you must kill me if you like, but I can never, never again go to a school or chapel where the precious Bible is not read and taught!"

The Scripture-reader had once or twice tried to interfere, and get into conversation with the woman, but she had threatened, if he crossed her threshold, to salute him with a red-hot poker. Since the boy's accident, however, he had heard she was more relenting.

Encouraged by this news, the clergyman determined to make one effort on the lad's behalf. Commending the case to Him who can tame the fiercest nature, he set out on his mission, and his prayers were wonderfully answered. The woman, though rude and uncivil, allowed him to enter the house and talk with the boy, and, after some slight demur, consented to allow him to receive a Bible. The lad's patient suffering, and the sight of the poor mutilated hand, had been used as instruments in the hands of the All-wise Father to soften that hard heart, and after that all violent persecution ceased. The boy increased in spiritual life and knowledge, and was happy amid many privations.

When he was sufficiently recovered some employment was found for him which his maimed hand would not interfere with; and we doubt not but his temporal as well as his spiritual concerns are brighter than they were before. God maketh *all things* work together for good to them that fear him.—*Churchman's Penny Magazine.*

COLONIAL VIEWS OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

A LEADER IN THE "SYDNEY MORNING HERALD" OF TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1865.

THERE are two classes of institutions required for the neglected children of the people. One has been instituted by private benevolence—such is the Ragged School; the other must be furnished and controlled by the State. For this legislation is necessary, and we hope will not be delayed. The Reformatory takes up the vicious but ignorant; and makes legal coercion the means of moral recovery. What may be hoped from such efforts is already seen.

That most important institution, the Ragged and Industrial School, first claims the public sympathy, having at a small cost and with great success largely mitigated the position of a class of youth who, in great numbers, even during its operations, would have passed from the stage of infancy to that of active life—which is too often active crime. Some examples given of this success are extremely gratifying. Generally it is impossible to enter into particulars. It would endanger the position of those children and diminish their chances of elevation were anything of their early history—if of an adverse nature—made known to the community. We must, however, remember that many are in a condition to be under the patronage of these schools on whom no imputation can be made, excepting that they are neglected and poor. And even in the last description there is often so much to excuse neglect in the circumstances of the parents, as to make pity the exclusive emotion in those who succour them. The noble spirit which has influenced this institution, so free from all sectarian objects and religious bigotry, has made it a favourite with the people of this city. Let the managers proceed in the same way, and they will not want for support.

"How glad I am," said one of the children, writing to her mother, "I attended that school and learned to read and write. I should never have been able to write to you were it not for that, dear mother." Another, out of her small earnings, purchased some clothes to send to her mother, an attention which she well merited for having endeavoured, in the midst of her poverty, to train up her child properly.

There is, however, necessary, we repeat, another institution which the Government only can undertake, and which would relieve the ragged and orphan schools from claims which are often inconvenient—both financially and morally—we mean a Juvenile Reformatory, where children condemned for petty crimes might be retained and instructed during a period long enough to be valuable for their moral and industrial improvement. It is really frightful to think that some children are sent to gaol every month for petty offences where lessons of iniquity are poured into their ear, and where they must be inevitably ruined. What is required is power to soften penal coercion into that parental control which the Government must exercise over those who have no better guardianship. Human beings are too precious, and labour too valuable in colonies, to make any moderate outlay a matter of serious consideration.

In this respect the argument might well apply, that it is better to spend money in nipping crime in the bud, and training up children in the right way, than to employ an army of police, whose very occupation is but the expression of a public misfortune.

We have now Mr. Forster's bill. We have understood that the present Government has, some time or other, had this subject under consideration. It has been suggested by parties connected with Port Macquarie, that there are there fine buildings appropriated to no particular use—the property of Government—which, with a little adaptation, would form a comfortable residence for boys of this description, where they might be trained in various branches of industry. It is not necessary to look to one form of labour only, although of course it would be desirable that in any pursuit there should be a reference to probable future employment, and as little advance of capital as possible. Of course no public institutions are likely to be well managed in which the Government is the speculator and the paymaster. It has been suggested sometimes that to train children of this sort in agricultural labour would be the most useful. This, however, requires considerable space. A failure of crops would make the enterprise seem entirely unsuccessful. It would require a large amount of superintendence to secure proper oversight and effective control over such boys. There might be, however, garden cultivation in aid of subsistence—a useful employment in all respects, both as diminishing the cost of living and inculcating tastes of great efficacy in elevating the mind. A boy who can take pleasure in the growth of plants or in the culture of flowers may be already said to have escaped the meshes of crime and the mire of social degradation. It has, however, been suggested that, as Port Macquarie is a fine district adapted to the cultivation of sugar, and as experiments have proved that this valuable resource may be availed of with small outlay and certain and ample returns, it may be worth while to consider whether boys of this kind could not be so employed, at least to a considerable extent. The surface over which labour would extend in proportion to value is not great. The system of culture is not difficult. The produce of the sugar-cane in that latitude is large. Indeed, some representations we have seen are almost incredible. It is very possible that the neglect of this branch of industry is just one expression of our peculiar character as a people. But surely it is not to be so for ever! If there are tropical productions likely to yield a return and find an instantaneous market at a high rate, why should they not be tried? Why should we not see if the cultivation of tobacco in such a spot might not be profitable? The reign of slave labour is at an end, and the use of simple machinery of great effectiveness has so compensated this diminution of brute force that we may hope that skill and industry will find a still higher return. The Reformatory scheme must doubtless be accepted by the Government of the day to pass the Legislature. It is not unusual for unofficial persons to take charge of a bill with consent of the Ministry. Although we could not suppose Mr. Forster's bill will be accepted by Mr. Cowper, we hope the proverb "two stools" will not be expressive of the fate of this momentous question.

The whole subject is, indeed, worth the serious consideration of the Legislature. It would entitle the Assembly to great honour if, discarding all party considerations, an effort were made to meet this want in our social

condition—one, indeed, which would entail upon us the most frightful cost if neglected, but which may be remedied by forethought and application. Most of those children who run wild in the streets and fall occasionally into crime, might be saved if the hand of power were stretched out to rescue and hold them fast, and if real benevolence were expressed in the voice of love.

THE TEACHERS AGAIN AT NUTFIELD.

ANOTHER portion of the teachers of the London Ragged Schools have been honoured with an invitation to spend a day (September 2nd), with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gurney, at their residence at Nutfield, Surrey. This made the ninth annual trip of our teachers to that picturesque spot and hospitable mansion. On that occasion the turn came for the teachers in the east and north-east of London to receive the kind entertainment of the host and hostess. The friends gathered were from about twenty schools, and the company consisted of more than 300. They were conveyed by special train, provided by Mr. Gurney, from London Bridge Station to that at Red Hill. A pleasant walk of twenty minutes through the green lanes brought the teachers to their destination for the day. They were received on the grounds by Mr. Gurney, who gave them a hearty welcome, and told them to feel quite at home, and freely use the principal rooms of the house. Those who delighted in exercises requiring bodily strength would find in different parts of the grounds whatever was required for cricket and quoits, and those who desired something more easy would be accommodated with croquet on the lawn, and on the lake they would find a boat in charge of a person to row it for them. At the sound of the gong the company would assemble in the marquee on the upper grounds for dinner, and at a later hour for tea. The teachers bowed their thanks for the invitation and kind reception, and distributed according to the inclination and tastes of the individuals. The conservatory, the dairy, the engine-house, the hothouses, the flower and fruit gardens, the fields, the private rustic walk, the more public but shady terraces, the lake and the meadows, were soon peopled by happy visitors. The weather was all that could be desired for such an occasion.

Whether the gong or the sharpened appetites—we know not which was the most potent for filling the marquee so punctually at half-past one. Perhaps the politeness of the company not to keep the host waiting after the time he named for dinner made up another element for punctuality. All combined, probably, brought the friends together so that there was no unnecessary time lost. Dinner over, Mr. Gurney kindly stated that it was not his intention to detain the company under canvas on so fine a day, but they could not again separate without a few words from some of the friends present, and therefore called upon Rev. Dr. Weir, Mr. J. G. Gent, and Joseph Payne, Esq., who severally addressed the company for a short time each. The last speaker closed his remarks with the following lines :—

A scene of great beauty, if you would admire,
For moral and natural features,
You'll not find a better to meet your desire
Than the mansion at Nutfield, of Gurney Esquire,
With its party of Ragged School Teachers.

There trees are all stately, and blossoms all bright,
And fruits in lusciousness vary,
And there, though the notion may not be quite right,
The whole seems adapted to gladden the sight,
With a charm which the poets call *fairy!*

There welcomes as *hearty* as England can boast,
And *kind* as religion can utter,
To fresh air and feasting are heard from the *host*,
And each of the guests is at home at his post,
And none of them feel in a flutter!

There joins in those welcomes his excellent wife,
In heart, though in body too ailing,
The pride of his home, and the joy of his life,
The soother of griefs, and the quencher of strife,
She to him is an *helpmeet* unfailing.

There nice little children, of time-honour'd race,
Who nice little gardens can show;
Who ride little ponies with nice little grace,
All give its best charm to the beautiful place
As they stand in a nice little row.

The last stanza had reference to some children then listening, and who had been very busy in waiting on the company.

After dinner the friends resumed their pastimes for about three hours, when the gong again sounded for tea. This refreshment occupied nearly all the remainder of the time available for the houses and grounds. Mr. Gurney thanked the friends for their company, and the friends expressed their gratitude to him for the kindness they had received by three hearty cheers. "Three cheers and one more" were given for Mrs. Gurney, who, we regret to add, was prevented being present by indisposition. The children, and especially the domestics of the establishment, were not forgotten by the company, for, if possible, the loudest of all cheers were given when they were named, and no wonder, for the willinghood and respectful deportment they manifested to the company were a source of great comfort to the teachers.

The friends began their return journey as the shades of evening were thickening, and shortly reached the station, where the train was in readiness to receive them; soon after dark they arrived safely at the point from which they started in the morning, and separated for the respective homes, the better both in body and mind for the kind and hospitable entertainment of their host, and the enjoyment of fine fresh air. The pleasures of that day will, we feel sure, long live in the memories of all who enjoyed them.

OUR WORK IN GOLDEN LANE.

A SPECIAL APPEAL.

"The gold has become dim, the fine gold changed."

About the middle of this long dingy thoroughfare there is a building which once formed part of the London residence of one of the Queens of England; but it is long since the fine gold changed. For many a long year the lane has been one of the most notorious "crime gardens" and fever-beds in the metropolis. Dr. Jeffrey lately stated in the *Times*, that in some of the courts and yards, which are "tributaries" to this lane, typhus is seldom away. For three-quarters of a century in these courts and alleys lawless outcasts and the hopeless poor have alike found hiding-places, the one class to screen their crimes, the other to hide their misery.

In this fearful district one of the oldest Ragged Schools connected with our Union has been carried on for nearly 20 years. In the last printed Report the Committee of the School says:—"It would be difficult to find in any other part of London creatures more lawless, ragged, and filthy—gipsy-looking children of crime and nature—than the filthy, tattered swarms which crowd around the door of our school on a winter's Sunday evening.

"So extreme is the ragged—or rather nude—condition of some of these poor children, that, on the score of decency alone, it is to the teachers sometimes doubtful if they are fit for admission, even into a Ragged School. On the first arrival of these poor creatures, scarcely any can read; many big lads and girls do not know the alphabet, and they are ignorant of all things pertaining to the love of God and the life to come.

"Surely in the sight of a good and merciful God, it is a sore evil, if not a sin, that in this land of wealth and of Bibles, these young creatures should be left to grow up amongst us almost as naked, as unaccustomed to the decencies and comforts of civilized life, as ignorant of the God that made them, or the Saviour who died to redeem them, as the poor savage that lives upon roots in his solitary wigwam, and never heard of a Bible or a God!—

> 'Crime-soiled and travel-stained, forlorn and weary,
> Poor highway outcasts of the world's disdain,
> The leprosy of nations; they inherit
> Scorn and neglect, and vice, and woe and pain.
> Yet snow-plumed Seraphims on pinions fleet,
> Would gladly bear the *least* to Jesu's feet.'

"And this Ragged School, bordering on the very centre of the world's commerce—barely able to maintain an existence—is the only Institution, in a district containing a miserable population of 10,000 souls, where these poor, half-naked, friendless creatures can find *daily* and evening education Free."

It was in this school that the late Mr. Francis Cuthbertson—one of the most devoted and self-denying members of our own committee—laboured for upwards of sixteen years. During nearly all that period he acted as treasurer, and gave liberally of his own means. But we regret to learn that, through the lengthened illness and death of this good man, and other

causes, there is now a debt upon the school amounting to nearly £200, and unless the committee succeed in paying off this amount soon, they will be reluctantly compelled greatly to abridge, if not to abandon, the undertaking.

Surely this must not be. For the last two years, through the blessing of God, the work has been extending rapidly. Upwards of 500 needy children, besides youths and adults, receive a useful education. Besides the day and evening schools, the district free library, of upwards of a thousand volumes, has been a great success. The Sunday and week-evening service, or Bible Class for youths and their adult friends, is often crowded by those who have obtained spiritual benefit. The Band of Hope now numbers over 200 zealous members, and some of the best and most devoted teachers in the Sabbath schools were once unruly scholars.

We sincerely trust that our readers will not allow this goodly light, shining in a dark place, to be unnecessarily extinguished. To some of us the school is hallowed by the labours and memory of one of the best of men, to whose bereaved family a large portion of the debt, unfortunately, is owing; and we shall be thankful if this notice should induce any of our friends to assist a work so worthy and so needful.

Contributions, addressed to Mr. Gent, 1, Exeter Hall, will be most thankfully acknowledged and duly forwarded to the Treasurer of the Golden Lane Ragged Schools, situated at Hatfield Street.

THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY.

THE children's holiday excursions have been quite as numerous during this summer as in any previous year. The places selected have been mostly Hampton Court, Hampstead, Epping Forest, Crystal Palace, Richmond, and Erith. When funds were not sufficient to go to a distance, the schools were taken to such places as Battersea Park, Primrose Hill, and Dulwich, which could be reached by walking. Those schools that proved too poor to give any entertainment of the kind were helped by a special fund for the purpose, and were taken on the 18th of August to Petersham Park by the North London and South-Western Railways. The weather that day was extremely fine, and the large number of children and their teachers very much enjoyed their excursion. The children had their dinner at one o'clock, and tea at three. The teachers had theirs at two o'clock, and at five. Fruit and nuts and toys were distributed among the children, and a few fire balloons were successfully sent off during the afternoon. The last of this juvenile company reached the Fenchurch Street Station at about 9 p.m. all safe. No mishap occurred except the fainting of a little boy from overjoy and excitement. It is due to Dr. Julius, of Richmond, to say that on that gentlemen being fetched to attend the child, which he did with great kindness, he declined to take any fee, notwithstanding the distance to and fro he had to go to attend the little patient. A well-known friend sent the following account of the day's holiday to a local paper, which supplies a few more particulars of that happy day:—

To the Editor of the "Richmond Notes."

"'Mid alleys close and dingy homes,
And courts so dark and drear,
A sound of joy and thankfulness
Breaks on the startled ear."

SIR,—The sun shone brightly on the old town of Richmond on the morning of the 18th of August. Hundreds of young hearts in the back streets, dark courts, and alleys of London beat with joy on that lovely morning; it was to them the happiest day of the year, to many the only one of *real enjoyment*.

Richmond is often stirred by the passage through of juvenile excursionists on their way either to Bushey or Hampton Court, or, what is more frequent, to our own beautiful park, to spend the day in happy pastimes, to breathe for once the fresh air, and look on green fields and lovely scenery. But the Richmondites, although accustomed to these almost daily visitors during the summer months, were somewhat startled at what appeared an endless number. The 1,700 children who spent the day in the park came from several Ragged Schools in London. The friends and teachers of most of these schools try by the means of a fund, specially raised, to give a day's holiday to their scholars. This has been to a very large extent accomplished; but it was found in former years that some of the least known, but not the least useful, of these schools were too poor to raise the money for such a purpose. In order that the scholars of the poorest of the Ragged Schools might have a day's holiday, by the influence of that excellent nobleman, the Earl of Shaftesbury, a fund has been raised from year to year to pay the expenses of the day's treat for these children. They came from Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, the London Docks, Haggerstone, Clerkenwell, Marylebone, Tooley Street, Kent Street, Lambeth, &c., &c. Two bands, composed of boys from Ragged Schools, accompanied the procession, and the skill they displayed was very creditable. The children had dinner and tea in the park, also a liberal supply of fruit; and large quantities of toys were distributed amongst them. During the afternoon several fire balloons were sent up, and their ascent welcomed by overwhelming cheers from the children. A more thoroughly enjoyable day was never spent: no accident marred the pleasure of it. It did one's heart good to see the happy countenances of the poor children—poor they were indeed, and a great contrast to a large Metropolitan National School which was also in the park on the same day. The largest sum any of them brought with them was one halfpenny, and a very considerable number had nothing to spend. As the shades of evening fell on the beautiful trees at the Petersham portion of the park, the children were mustered and marched back to the station, singing, "We have been to Richmond and spent a happy day:" happy indeed it had been. Many, especially the humbler classes, expressed their pleasure at the scene as we passed through the town. Thanks to the admirable arrangements of Mr. Gent, the indefatigable Secretary of the Ragged School Union, and our excellent Station Master, Mr. Cooper, and his most obliging officials, at eight o'clock the last train left the station, amidst the hearty cheers of the poor children, who will never forget this their *holiday*.

I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,

W. J. M.

Richmond, August, 1865.

LANES, COURTS, AND ALLEYS OF DRURY LANE.

In an Occasional Paper published by the Home Missions of the Church of England, are some illustrations of the lanes, courts, and alleys of Drury Lane, and then, under the heading of

HOMES.

> "We sit in a cloud and sing like pictured angels,
> And say the world runs smooth, while right below
> Welters the black, fermenting heap of life
> On which our state is built."—KINGSLEY.

proceeds to say:—

"We have thought it right, from time to time, in illustrating the necessity of true missionary work in our large towns, to draw direct attention to the condition of the homes amidst which the labours of additional clergy must be carried on. We have done so in the hope that our protest, however feeble, against the demoralizing condition of the homes of the London poor especially, added to the weightier evidence and arguments of those more fully acquainted with the subject, may tend to direct public attention to one of the great causes of crime, and temporal and spiritual destitution.

"Many interesting facts and figures have been summed up in a pamphlet published by the Society, on 'London Dens and Mission Work amongst them;' but we venture to draw attention to a few fresh facts as given in a work lately published, from the pen of the philanthropical editor of 'The Builder,' Mr. G. Godwin: 'Another Blow for Life' is a following up of statements made in 'London Shadows' and 'Town Swamps and Social Bridges.' Unhappily it appears that the evils pointed out, and the dangers deplored, ten years ago, still remain; since the warning then given, that 'from dirt comes death,' failed to produce any appreciable effect, since ghastly recitals still continue to occupy the public journals.

"Our duties constantly take us into a neighbourhood where, from the fact of some 580 people being crowded into the acre, the lanes, courts, and alleys being dank, dark, and narrow, pestilential vapours float about, poisoning the bodies, and injuring the souls; yes, injuring the souls, for the action of the mind depends so much on the condition of the body (*mens sana in corpore sano*), that scepticism, infidelity, and thorough-going Chartism nestle amid the purlieus of filth and fœtidness, finding there a congenial home. Mr. Godwin thus writes, page 65:—

"'Many years have passed since we first pressed on the attention of the public the fact, that the extent and danger of the under-currents of London society were not duly known and understood: that, lying in the midst of vice, ignorance, dirt, and social degradation, an army of rough and desperate men and women existed, unsuspected and uncared for. They are to be counted by thousands. An execution, or a bread riot, sometimes brings them into daylight and the streets; but at ordinary times they are to be found only where they live massed together, and under such conditions that improvement is impossible. * * * From these vice-producing quarters the prisons

are supplied, and in these places the convict, when liberated from prison, finds his base of operations in continuing what with him is viewed as the business of his life.'

"In the streets leading from Drury Lane, too, there are, as our readers know well, many very notorious spots. Amongst these there are, perhaps, none much worse than parts of the Coal Yard. There many thieves find harbour. Barley Court and some of the houses adjoining are almost entirely occupied by returned convicts, ticket-of-leave men, and other bad characters, both men and women. In fact Barley Court is one of the worst places in the metropolis. No man could enter it at night with safety. Not only would he be robbed, but stripped and turned into the street. Evil women and thieves of the worst class reside there. Dr. Bennet, the medical officer of St. Giles' Workhouse, recently said it had come to his knowledge that a man had been robbed in one of the houses and stripped naked, and that the thieves had then rolled a blanket round him, stitched him up in it so that he could not move a limb, and thrust him in that condition into the street, with a large label, on which was written the word 'Thief!' pinned over his breast. This locality was visited about three in the afternoon, when the place was found rather noisy. Muddled and tipsy women were singing ribald songs, and the people seemed more dangerous and savage than a tribe of Caffres. In some of the rooms here, information was given on the spot, that three families often sleep in each.

"In a district in Bethnal Green, also recently visited, it was found, with few exceptions, that each room contained a separate family; some consisting of mother, father, and eight children. 'The first two adjoining houses that we looked into, of six rooms each, contained 48 persons.'

"We intend from time to time to return to this subject, trusting that the eye of some one able to assist in the reformation of the homes of our poor may rest on our pages. We recommend a careful perusal of Mr. Godwin's work, 'Another Blow for Life.'

"'The world may say I've failed; I have not failed.
If I set truth 'fore men they will not see,
'Tis they who fail, not I. My faith holds firm,
And time will prove me right.'"

In the courts of Drury Lane there are in present operation four Day Ragged Schools, two Evening Schools, and two Sunday Schools.

The Teachers' Column.

EASY LESSONS.

Our teaching friends will do well to make themselves acquainted with a new lesson book now in the press. The book is both "simple and compound," for the lessons selected are so easy, so elementary, as not to tax unduly the mental powers of a child. It is compound, for as the child advances so the lessons *on the same page* will advance in spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic, the four great essentials of a child's education. We give a specimen of one of the pages,

that those of our friends needing a book of the kind may understand precisely the plan adopted by the author. The book is in two parts; the page given is from the first

Specimen page.

22

SPELLING.

take	road	stood	fields
lead	hand	blind	lit-tle
said	o-ver	voice	can-not

READING.

"Take my hand, and I will lead you o-ver," said a lit-tle boy to a poor blind man, who stood by the road side. "Thank you, and God bless you," said the blind man. "Oh, how I wish I had my sight! I can hear your voice, but I can-not see your face. I can-not see the sun or the moon, the trees or the fields; all is dark to me. Thank God, my child," said the blind man, "for your sight, and think of the poor blind." The blind man, led by his faith-ful dog, went on his way; and the boy ran off to school, glad that he had done a kind act.

WRITING.

sun. sunshine.

MULTIPLICATION TABLE, (continued).

9	times	1	are	9
9	times	2	are	18
9	times	3	are	27
9	times	4	are	36
9	times	5	are	45
9	times	6	are	54

SIMPLE SUBTRACTION.

6128	3816	6843
5032	2401	5160
1	2	3
7016	6842	3214
2130	1406	2130
4	5	6
8213	9134	2615
1051	2348	1302
7	8	9

part; the second is upon the same plan, but the lessons are more advanced. It also contains bills of parcels, forms of receipts, specimen letters, and a number of arithmetical questions, all of which will be found most useful to children, and all to be found complete in one book, thus saving expense of multiplying lesson books. The author is a Ragged School teacher of considerable experience, and has put together and published what he found so useful in his own school.

The Children's Gallery.

RICH ARTHUR AND POOR ALICE.

Arthur is a little boy who lives in a large house in one of the widest and cleanest streets in N——. There is but one family in the house, so that they have plenty of room, and air, and other like comforts. Arthur's father has a horse and carriage, and gives his little boy many a pleasant ride into the country amongst the green fields, and fresh flowers, and sweet singing-birds.

Alice is a little girl who lives almost neighbour to Arthur, in a narrow, dirty alley that starts from the main street near his father's house. Her parents are very poor, and hire one room, in an old rickety wooden building, for themselves and their five children. There are five other families in the same house, each having, like them, only one apartment for washing, cooking, eating, sleeping, and living; so that it is a very crowded, bustling, disagreeable place, and in the summer a very hot and unwholesome one. No wonder that the children like to get out of such dwellings into the open air.

One summer day, when her mother was washing, and the stove was very hot, and the room very wet and dirty, Alice took her two youngest sisters, of whom she had the charge, into the street. The sun was oppressive, and she soon grew tired of walking about. The doorstep of her house was already crowded with children, so she went up the little alley, and sat down on the shaded marble steps of Arthur's house. She thought it was very pleasant there, so did her little sisters, and Alice spoke tenderly to them, and they were all very happy. She did not wish for the cool and elegant parlours near her, which Arthur could enjoy; she was satisfied with the seat upon the steps.

Just then Arthur came home from school, and as soon as he had caught sight of them, called out, "Go away from there; go away, you Paddies." They went slowly down the steps into the street, and stood there without saying a word. Arthur was very thoughtless and selfish; he was not pleased with the ragged and dirty appearance of the poor little girls; and, without thinking whether they were to blame for it or not, or whether he was doing right or wrong, he drove them back into the hot, dirty alley. Wasn't he an unkind boy? Yes, he was. And yet, if you had seen him at home, you might have thought him very good, for he was affectionate and obedient to his parents, and when with his companions he was obliging and agreeable. But he was proud, and had a wicked dislike of poor people, especially if they were Irish.

Alice returned to her mother's wet and uncomfortable room with a sense of injustice, and a feeling of discontent in her heart. "I can't have anything. Why can't I? Aint I just as good as others?" she said to herself. She felt very angry with Arthur. Why should he call her a Paddy, with such contempt? And surely he needn't have pushed her out of the pleasant street; she had a right in it as well as himself.

Arthur often went down the alley to order his father's horse, which was kept at a stable there, and his manner to the poor children was always very insulting, so that Alice grew to hate him, and sometimes even to wish him some evil.

One day a good lady met Alice in the street, and took her with her to the Ragged School. She had not gone there long before she heard the blessed lesson which Jesus taught, "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that despitefully use you." It was new to her,—love her enemies? pray for them who used her badly? She

thought it was impossible to do it; that she never could love the proud Arthur; she should always hate him. She was troubled by the holy words, and at last ventured to ask her teacher how people could love those who hated them, and whom they hated? She was told that they must ask help of God; they must seek for a new heart, a heart of love; and if they really want to obey Christ, they will soon find that it is not hard to do so. If they will do good to those whom they have hated, their hatred will soon be changed to love.

"But how can you do any good to rich people?" asked Alice; still thinking of Arthur.

"The very humblest can help the highest. If we want to do good, and watch for a chance, we shall always find one."

Alice did not forget this lesson; she thought it over again and again. Her conscience reproved her; she had felt unkindly and revengeful towards Arthur; she must learn to love him, and she determined to do him good if she could.

Once, when the wind was very high, she saw his hat blow off; she ran and picked it up, and handed it to him; but the ungracious boy said in return, "Why didn't you let it alone? Take your dirty hands from it."

Alice turned away disappointed. How could she learn to love Arthur? He would not even let her show him a kindness. She told her teacher at the Ragged School about it, and she taught her from the Scripture, "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

After this she saw Arthur looking for something he had lost. "What is it?" asked Alice. "You don't think I'm going to tell you; for then you'd be finding it, and keep it." "No, indeed I wouldn't; I should be glad to give it you back," said Alice.

Arthur was unsuccessful in his search; and when he had gone away Alice looked carefully, and found a piece of money. It was what Arthur had lost. It pleased her very much to return it to him; and, though he did not thank her, he said nothing unpleasant; he even looked ashamed; and Alice found so soon that she had come to feel kindly towards him, and she was a great deal happier than when she had hated him and wished him ill. Oh! it is indeed a very blessed, a very wise teaching, "Do good to them that hate you!"

Arthur could not help being struck by the honesty and good-nature of Alice in finding and returning him his money, and he felt so much respect for her that he no longer insulted her when she came in his way.

A sad accident at length happened to Arthur. He fell, and injured his knee, so that he was very lame, and could not walk without a crutch. Now it was easy for those whom he had ill-treated to revenge themselves upon him, if they were wicked enough to do so; and as he was going down the alley a bad boy hastily snatched his crutch from under his arm, so as to throw him violently down upon the pavement, and then ran away with it. Poor Arthur! Who would help him now? He had no claim to any kindness or compassion from the children who gathered around him, for he had shown them none. But Alice was learning to be like Christ, and she went to him and gently helped him up. He did not tell her to go away then; he did not care for her poverty and miserable looks; he needed help from the poor then, as the rich very often do.

"How can I get home?" said Arthur; "I am so badly hurt and so lame." "Lean on me," said the stout-hearted Alice; "I can almost carry you." There was no other way for Arthur; and tugging under his weight, with the help of another child, she got him to his father's steps and rang the bell. Arthur did not drive her off now. "Wait," said he, as she went away. "You are a good girl, and my mother will pay you." "I don't want any pay," she answered. "But you must have some," said Arthur. "That would spoil all," she said. "I am glad

that poor people can do good as well as others."

When Alice went back to her mother's wretched room, it did not seem half so wretched to her as it used to. There were comforts and pleasant things there she once did not notice. It had two good windows opening on the street, and old Biddy's attic had only one high window, from which nothing but roof-tops could be seen. They had seats enough for all the family, while one of their neighbours had only two chairs. The love which had grown up in her heart had made a new light in her eyes to find blessings and pleasures around her, and she was not only content with her lot, but thankful. What a blessing the Ragged School was to this poor child! May all the little ones that attend learn the lesson of doing good to others, like little Alice. She influenced the rich man's child.

SPARE MOMENTS.

A LEAN, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back-door.

"I should like to see Mr.——," said he. "You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl; "and I can give you that without troubling him." "Thank you," said the boy; "I should have no objection to a bit of bread; but I should like to see Mr. ——, if he can see me." "Some old clothes, maybe, you want," remarked the servant, again, eyeing the boy's patched trousers. "He has none to spare; he gives away a sight;" and without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work. "Can I see Mr. ——?" again asked the boy, after a minute's delay. "Well, he's in the Library; if he must be disturbed he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl, in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence; however, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but I know that after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked, the boy answered as readily as could be.

"Well, my lad," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well;" looking at the boy from head to foot, over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where *did* you pick up so much?" "*In my spare moments,*" answered the boy. Here he was, poor, hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling; yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his *spare moments*. Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time"? How precious they should be! What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many, *many* other boys, I am afraid, in the gaol, in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whale-ship, in the gambling-house, or in the tippling-shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful courses, might answer, "In my *spare moments.*" "In my spare moments I gambled for marbles." "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink." "It was in my spare moments that I began to steal chesnuts from the old woman's stand." "It was in my spare moments that I met with wicked associates."

Oh, be very, very careful how you spend your spare moments! Tempta-

tion always hunts you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy; he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. "Take care of your spare moments," and pray to the Lord to direct you how to spend them. Is there not many a little service of love that even the youngest child might do? for the Lord Jesus has said, "Not even a cup of cold water, if given from love to him, will lose its reward;" therefore let every reader, each day, in the spare moments, work for Jesus.

Poetry.

THE POOREST OF THE POOR.

THE poorest of the poor are we,
  But precious are our souls to Thee,
Whom, though Thou art the Lord of all,
  Our Heavenly Father we may call.

If meanly clad, and sparely fed,
  Give us this day our daily bread;
For all that live, and move, and are,
  In Providence Thy bounty share.

To Thee, when the young ravens cry,
  Thy hands their humble wants supply;
Alike on Thee, their unknown friend,
  The lion and the lamb depend.

Thine air, Thy sunshine, dews, and showers,
  In season make the lily's flowers
More beautiful to look upon
  Than on his throne King Solomon.

The widow, old and desolate;
  The orphan in his low estate;
The slave, the outcast of mankind—
  Thee their Almighty Helper find.

All times, and everywhere, Thine eye
  Looks down upon us from the sky.
Could we look up, by light divine,
  Ours might be ever fix'd on Thine.

While every word we speak, Thine ear
  Through all creation's sounds can hear;
By ours, if open'd to thy Word,
  Thy voice from heaven would here be heard.

Moment on moment, breath by breath,
  Our pilgrim life draws nearer death.
Each breath, each moment, make us be
  More meet for immortality.

O God, most merciful and just,
  Shall we not put in Thee our trust?
In grief and pain, to calm our fears,
  Comfort our hearts, and wipe our tears.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE SONG OF THE STREET.

To the memory of the good, the genial, the large-hearted Thomas Hood this humble imitation of his "Song of the Shirt" is inscribed by

THE WRITER.

With lips all livid with cold,
  And purple and swoll'n feet,
A woman in rags sat crouch'd on the flags
  Singing the Song of the Street;
"Starve! Starve! Starve!
  O God! 'tis a fearful night!
How the wind does blow the sleet and the snow!
  Will it ever again be light?

"I have rung at the 'Refuge' bell,
  I have beat at the workhouse door,
To be told again that I clamour in vain,
  They are 'full;' they can hold no more.
Starve! Starve! Starve!
  Of the crowds that pass me by,
Some with pity, and some in pride,
  But more with indifference, turn aside,
And leave me here to die!

"Oh, you that sleep in beds
With coverlet, quilt, and sheet,
Oh, think, when it snows, what it is for those
That lie in the open street;
That lie in the open street
On the cold and frozen stones,
When the winter's blast, as it whistles past,
Bites into the very bones.

"Oh, what with the wind without,
And what with the cold within,
I own I have sought, to drive away thought
With, that curse of the tempted—Gin.
Drink! Drink! Drink!
Amid ribaldry, gas, and glare,
If there's Hell on earth,
'Tis the ghastly mirth
That maddens, at midnight, there.

"O you that never have stray'd,
Because you have not been tried,
Oh, look not down, with a Pharisee's frown,
On those that have swerved aside.
And you that hold the scales,
And you that glibly urge
That the 'only plan' is the Prison Van,
The Treadmill, or the Scourge,—

"Oh, what are the lost to do?
To famish, and not to feel?
For days to go, and never to know
What it is to have one meal?
They cannot buy, they dare not beg,
They must either starve or steal.

"Food—Food—Food!
If it be but a loaf of bread;
And a place to lie,
And a place to die,
If it be but a workhouse bed!
If you will not give to those that live,
You at least *must* bury the dead!"

With lips all livid and blue,
And purple and swoll'n feet,
A woman in rags sat crouch'd on the flags,
And sang the Song of the Street.
As she ceased the doleful strain
My homeward path I trod;
And the cry and the prayer
Of that lost one there
Went up to the throne of God.

W. H. B.

The Editor's Portfolio.

VISITING.

It may be that you are fond of visiting, and visits not made too frequently are good things, for we are all social creatures, and cannot be happy alone; but whom do you visit? If you visit the wise you will "become wiser," and wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding.

But whether you visit the wise, the foolish, the rich, or the gay, I do hope that you "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction" (James i. 27), that you tenderly pity and relieve them as far as you can. "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting" (Eccles. vii. 2). In our visiting, we should not only bear in mind our present pleasure, but our future profit; and especially should we act as those who would hereafter be addressed by Christ, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. For inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. xxv. 34-40).

But, having asked you whom you visit, let me now ask, Who visits you? Care is required in visiting others, and the same care is requisite in being visited by them; therefore, again I ask, Who visits you? It cannot be desirable to be visited by the foolish, and it is better to be visited by the wise than by the rich or gay; for the former will leave something behind them worth possessing, while the latter, if they deprive you of nothing else, will be sure to take away a portion of your time and means.

If the aged visit you, they may benefit you by their experience; and if the young visit you, you may benefit them with yours. Let your visitors be such as are likely to do you good, or such as are likely to receive good from you. No doubt you have unwelcome visitors, such as your landlord on quarter-day if you are not ready for him; the tax-gatherer, when you are in arrears with him; and perhaps a neighbour, to solicit a trifle for some one in distress. But you must make the best of these visitors, for your landlord has a right to his rent; you ought to pay your fair share of the taxes; and charity is a virtue that no Christian should live without exercising. You are visited, too, at times, no doubt, with afflictions, losses, vexations, disappointments, and bereavements; but if you enjoy the advantages that others enjoy, is it hard that you should endure the afflictions that others endure? Earthly trouble is not easily borne without heavenly assistance; but if we could discern invisible things, every true believer would see the hand of his heavenly Father weighing out to him, even to the scruple, the joys and sorrows that he requires and cannot do without.

Amongst your visitors do you reckon profitable and religious publications? and if so, do you derive any advantage from them? Do they point out the way in which you may work for the Lord Jesus? Does their tone suit you, their science instruct you, their information interest you, their morality do you good, and their piety draw you to the consideration of heavenly things? If not, there must be something wrong in them or in you. But, lastly, have you been visited with His presence, compared with whom earthly things are as dust and dross? Has "the day-spring from on high" (Luke i. 7, 8) visited you? and can it be said by you and your household, "The Lord of hosts hath visited his flock," verily "God hath visited his people?"

THE PATH OF DUTY.

A LADY when on a visit to her brother-in-law, took occasion one day to say a word of encouragement to his coachman, an old faithful servant, who zealously laboured in the Sabbath School. She remarked to him that, even supposing we might see but little present good resulting from what we did, yet we might take courage to persevere. As we were acting in obedience to the Divine command, the increase would surely follow; the promise being, "*My* word shall not return unto me void," the times and seasons must be left to Him. He replied that he had received instruction on this point from a sermon he had lately heard. He felt that whilst we owned that God alone could give the increase, it was as plainly our duty to sow the good seed; and then, as though he thought he had gone too far, he added, "Not that I can be expected to sow the good seed, or anything of the kind. If I take one stone out of the way, that's as much as I can be expected to do, and that's better than putting one in." This simple remark is suggestive. We should try to do what we can. Those who possess the greatest amount of power cannot aspire to higher praise than that which our Lord bestowed upon her of whom he said, "She hath done what she could;" and no one, however humble his position and limited his power, should be content with less. The question is not whether we possess one talent or ten, but do we so use what we possess as to bring the greatest possible increase?

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